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Sam L. Miller
1907



THE HEATHS



GREETING 1904



"May I print a kiss
On your cheek," he said.
She nodded her sweet
permission.
So they went to press
And I rather guess
They printed a large
Edition.



Dedication

..

**To the Members of the Alumni Association
of the Past, Present and Future
do we, the Class of 1904,
loyally dedicate**

The Iris





SEMINARY BUILDING

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 Bookkeeper



An Acrostic



Attentive

Womanly

Ambitious

Religious

Dutiful

Genial

Individual

Ready

Loyal

—Dr. Ira Landrith.

13 MILES TO DIPLOMATOWN



Senior Class.

MOTTO—What Thou Doest, Do It Well

COLORS—Black and gold

FLOWER—Marechal Niel Rose



Officers

MARGARET McDONALD, JR.	President
NELLIE MALONE FALL	Vice-President
SHIRLEY CUMMINS	Secretary
ELIZABETH MURRAY	Treasurer

A Toast



Here's to the Seniors



And lo! the sweet girl graduate,

Clad in soft, filmy white,

A maiden's blush upon her brow ;

And in her smile delight.

With flowers all about her ;

Doth stand before us now,

Soon as the queen of debutantes,

She'll make her graceful bow.

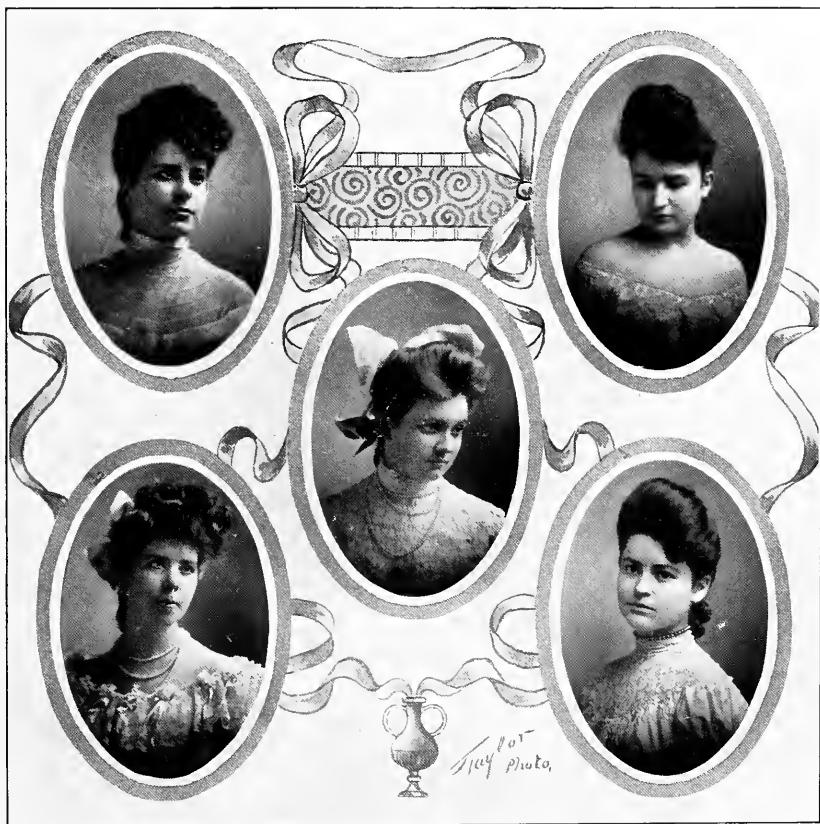
And then a bride so lovely,

Ah, happy be her fate ;

But ne'er will she be fairer,

Than a sweet girl graduate.





ESTHER CARTER
Tennessee

SARAH CROSBY BERRY
Tennessee

ELIZABETH STOKES BUFORD
Tennessee

MABLE CLAIRE BRYAN
Arkansas

MARY LOUISE BERRY
Mississippi



LUCIE CLARK
Tennessee

GERTRUDE MANKIN CARTER
Tennessee

SHIRLEY CUMMINS
Tennessee

MARIE COTTER
Texas

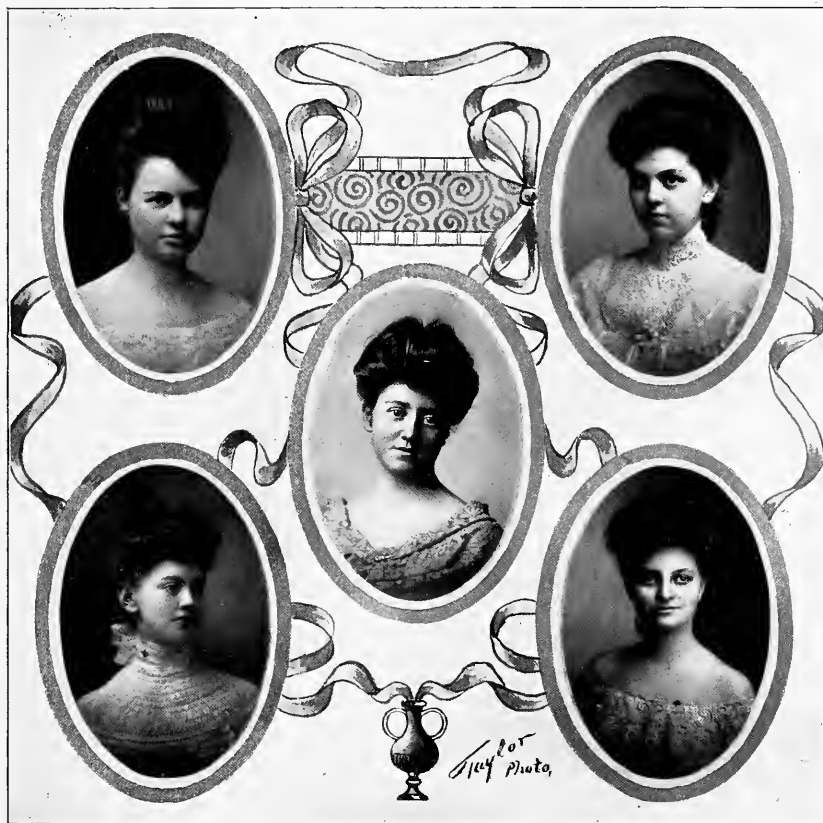
BELLE DAVIDSON
Alabama



ANNIE KEITH FRAZIER, ΔΣ
Tennessee
NELLIE MALONE FALL
Tennessee

CLARA BEAUMONT HARGRAVE
Tennessee

PHILA ANNE DONELSON
Tennessee
VIVA HARRISON, ΔΣ
Mississippi



MARY HICKS
Alabama

LESLIE CHRISTINE JOHNSON
Mississippi

WILLIE B. JARRATT
Tennessee

LOULIE MAY JOHNSON
Mississippi

EULAH LEE JONES
Tennessee



CAROLINE YAMANS McRAE
Arkansas

LUCY PEARL LONG
Ohio

MARGARET McDONALD, ΔΣ
Indiana

DARDIS MCDANIEL
Arkansas

KATIE MAY LANDRUM, ΔΣ
Kentucky



ELIZABETH MURRAY
Tennessee
ALEXENE KING PECK
Tennessee

NENNIE PICKINS
Tennessee

ELISE HATHERWAY MOORE
Mississippi
KATE FITTS, ΔΣ
Texas



ADA JAMES QUARELS
Tennessee
NANNIE LEE TRIGG
Tennessee

MARGARET CAPERTON WADE
Tennessee

MARY LILLY PRICE
Alabama
MARY ALLIE TUCKER
Tennessee



MARY D. ZENOR
Mississippi
REBA WILLIS
Illinois

LUCILE WILSON
Mississippi

MARY LOUISE WARNER
Tennessee
RACHEL WATKINS
Tennessee



SENIOR ON HER WAY TO HISTORY OF ART RECITATION.

As We Dislike It

A Comedy in Two Acts



Presented by the Senior Class

of

Ward Seminary, 1904



CAST OF CHARACTERS

Elise Moore
Viva Harrison, Δ Σ
Sarah Berry
Elizabeth Buford
Marie Cotter
Mary Hicks
Dardis McDaniel
Mable Bryan
Loulie May Johnson
Mary Zenor
Ada Quarles
Xennie Pickins
Eulah Jones
Willie B. Jarratt
Christine Johnson
Kate Pitts, Δ Σ
Lucile Wilson
Mary Tucker
Nannie Lee Trigg
Rachel Watkins

Elizabeth Murray
Margaret McDonald, Δ Σ
Nell Fall
Mary Louise Warner
Katie May Landrum, Δ Σ
Pearl Long
Caroline McRae
Annie Keith Frazier, Δ Σ
Esther Carter
Belle Davidson
Lucie Clark
Clara Hargrave
Phila Donelson
Mary Berry
Shirley Cummins
Margaret Wade
Mary Lilly Price
Gertrude Carter
Reba Willis
Alexine Peck

ACT I—SCENE I—Chapel.

Time—Immediately after Chapel Exercises.

[*Teachers in distance, disappearing off rostrum, mumbling sound of conversation heard.*]

MISS JENNINGS [*soliloquizing*].—To scold or not to scold;
that is the question;

Whether 'tis nobler for me to suffer

The incessant flow of all this idle talk

Or to take arms against this sea of racket

And by punishing end it. [*Conversation grows louder.*]

Ye gods! what do they talk about?

Surely not lessons? Therefore will I,
Who am due great respect and much obedience,
Deprive the gabblers of their long recess,
And make them to the dictionary take
In case of aimless wandering.

[*Conversation grows deafening.*]

There's no time like the present.

[*Aloud*] Every girl who has talked since the bell
rang, stand!

[*The whole school rises; Miss J. faints; wild excitement; thunder and lightning; bells go off; exit first period classes in great confusion.*]

CURTAIN.

ACT I—SCENE II—Geometry Class Room.

[*Class drives in; Miss Sheppe standing, talc in hand.*]

CLASS—Now we are to the good—an explanation!

MISS S.—Class! cut out the articulation, you seriously
impair my geometrical thoughts, and take this on the eye-
brow, no explanation! There are only some 246 more steps
to this beauty, and I shall have you to factor it. Factor!
for it has saved many a one a deep plunge into many a very
dark rat hole!

CLASS—Help! Did she say rats?

MISS LONG [*looking up from an original*].—Did you say
for me to come to the board, Miss Sheppe?

MISS CLARK—Well, since Willie passed in his checks,
here I have had only eight E's this week and you have had
nine! [*Signs of weeping.*]

MISS PITTS (*sarcastically*)—Yes, we are all very sorry for you two in the way of E's, they must be heavy to carry around.

MISS S.—I simply *must* have the attention of the class. Miss McDonald to the board.

MISS McDONALD—Well, er, now, ah—I will try this, but I want you to know that my small relative turned this "a" into "b" and this plus into minus, because you know I had the measles.

CLASS—What's that?

MISS McDONALD—Yes, and my eyes, you know—

MISS S.—Yes, proceed now; we are very, very sorry, but you know one must twist one's self into a knot for this beautiful study.

[*Miss McDonald, in the course of fifteen minutes, draws the figure, one eye thereon and the other upon the theatrica sign board just across the street.*]

MISS WADE—Well, now, why does she draw that figure that way? And where did that construction line spring from? And will she factor, substitute, or do that first step by article 62654 or article 789653? And do tell why is she putting that plus sign on the board?—there is no need, none whatever.

MISS S.—What is that sign there for, Miss McDonald?

MISS McDONALD (*rapturously*)—Why, for Mansfield in, ah—. [*Confusion and exclamations.*]

MISS S.—What *would* dear Euclid say if he knew that? Now, we are wasting time. Can't do that baby original? That little algebraic device? Now, Miss—.

CHORUS—MISSES LONG AND CLARK—Let us! [*Note books walk out.*]

MISS S.—Well, "Lucie" (*and settles herself for a nice and needed rest*).

[*One thirty-sixth of a second elapses.*]

MISS S.—Very, very, very good, "Lucie." Now, Miss Cotter!

MISS COTTER—Well, now, Miss Sheppe, I know that in doing this just draw thus thisly, and thusly this draw, the book says.

MISS S.—Now, to think! I don't care a *rap* what the book says; don't ape the book, it causes flatheadedness. Just begin over; number your steps, pick up your quantity, member for member, and substitute!

MISS COTTER—Now, Miss Sheppe, I can't tell you how many steps I take a day, and those quantities are so heavy!

MISS S.—Well, now, Miss Tucker, you claim to be possessed of great strength of brain as well as of arm. Forward, march!

MISS TUCKER—Yes, I can do it with the aid of several rules in "trig." [*Much clatter of rulers, flying of chalk, and "rubbing" of board, then the woman of the brain, with startled expression, speaks.*]

MISS TUCKER—Why, Miss Sheppe, I, even I, didn't get it. Well, I never had solved it anyhow.

MISS S.—Well, why in the name of Father Time didn't you tell us?

MISS DAVIDSON—I can—I can tame the tiger. Let me try. O, but (*with much scared expression*) I can't state the prop.!

MISS S.—Miss Jarratt, kindly lend your muscle to the fray.

MISS JARRATT (*looking up from "Pancoast" with far away expression*)—Well, I think Archimedes was a first cousin of T. B. Macaulay, the latter being the founder of Geometry.

[*Miss S. is discovered to be dead to the world from the blow, and the class drive to the chapel in haste to find the school waiting, and—it is too heart-rending to chronicle.*]

CURTAIN.

ACT I—SCENE III—Latin Class Room.

Time—10:15.

MISS THATCH—What is that awful noise I hear! It must be that those horrid girls are riding down again after my repeated warnings not to bring their steeds down here. [*Enter young ladies, flushed from recent equestrian sports.*]

MISS CARTER—O, what a divine love-maker Dido is! Don't you all think so?

MISS WILSON—Why I am simply crazy over Æneas, he was such a dear, heartless coquette!

MISS T.—How the human race has degenerated since the blessed days of Virgil. You young ladies have no conception of the depth of feeling that inspired the god-like mind of Virgil. Leave mundane matters for one brief interval and steep your shallow souls in the elevating infusions of the classics. Miss Christine Johnson, you seem

overcome by its beauty; can you not give us a free rendition of these sublime lines where Dido makes her last appeal?

MISS L. M. JOHNSON—O, Miss Thach, I can do that lots better than "Chris," for I have had so much experience in that line. Just listen, "O, base Roman, how can you leave me? You think I can't see through your scheme, don't you? Well, I will send Anna down to stop you before you escape, for I have no intention of giving you up, nor—"

MISS T.—Free enough to satisfy a Bohemian. I am curious to know what your sister can say on the subject, if you surpass her.

MISS C. JOHNSON—"Er—Anna—er—ra—you see or behold or perceive Æneas—let me see. Oh, yes—to have led the Germans across the Alps."

MISS T.—Miss Johnson, you seem to wish to impress me with the fact that Anna has remarkable eye-sight. I acknowledge it is a little wonderful that she should see into the campaign of Cæsar. Perhaps we can discover some other startling facts which will be food for Miss Spurlock's brain. Miss Wilson, what have you to say?

MISS WILSON (*reads in a tragic manner*)—O, Æneas, my heart's dearest! My only delight in life! My life's star! My beloved, how can you see my life's light melt into thin air. I cannot exist with—"

MISS T.—Next! I can stand no more of such sentimental stuff. We will counteract its effects by Dido's curse. Miss Carter, I trust you enter into the spirit of the passage.

MISS CARTER—I certainly do, for I think Æneas treated her like a dog.

MISS T.—We wish no preliminaries. *Begin.*

MISS CARTER—"Out, 'damned spot!" Thou shalt sleep no more, for I—I will murder your sleep! I will haunt your grave and trouble your soul in hades! Yea, moreover, I will pray Jupiter to curse you and send you to deepest Tartarus for being such a brute.

MISS T.—That will do. You have all exercised with your horses to the detriment of your higher powers of the intellect. No more shall you have the pleasure of hiring the horses from Publisher's stable. However, since you all love your steeds so dearly, you may each bring to class to-morrow a carefully written Latin treatise, of one thou-

sand words, on the subject of a horse. Beware, if this is not original.

[*Exit Class, severally, to funeral dirge.*]

CURTAIN.

ACT II—SCENE I—Literature Room.

SCENE—*A long, icy cold apartment, frieze of black-boards around wall, frescoed with "tortures in form of Topics."*

STAGE SETTING—*Two busts, one on west mantelpiece, of venerable Shakespeare; one on east of "beautiful" Scott. At end of month fifty busts.*

[*Perfect silence with exception of chattering of teeth and rattling of brains. Enter Miss Chapman, Grand High Torturer, clad in blue waist (which foretells terrible lesson), black skirt, glasses on nose, moves slowly toward east end of room. All eyes turned toward bookcase, in breathless suspension.*]

CHORUS—What!

SEMI-CHORUS—Heavens, a test!

[*Prolonged and joyful sighs of relief, as all three windows are lowered.*]

MISS CHAPMAN—Will you be quiet! (*majestically ascends throne and opens magic parchment.*) You may give me some lines this morning, Miss Landrum; in fact, you may give me the entire "Immortal Ode."

MISS LANDRUM (*in undertone to Miss Long*)—Great grief! I haven't got it and can't get it. [*Aloud*—Wee sleekit phantom of delight—no, wee pleekit slantom of delight, thou hast met me in an evil plight—. Oh, dear me, Miss Chapman, I got a letter this morning which was so damp with postage "due" that it gave me a cold, and I am positively too hoarse to remember anything Wordsworth wrote.

MISS CHAPMAN—Miss Landrum, this is inexcusable; it is unspeakable! Why, if Wordsworth had heard you slash and slander and mix up his verse in that manner, he would have died without ever attempting the "Immortal Ode."

CLASS (*bitterly*)—Ah, would that he had.

MISS CHAPMAN—I am so disgusted with the ode (*Miss Landrum willingly goes up in smoke*), that I'll start on the life of Lord Byron. Miss Carter, will you tell me what you know about him.

MISS ESTHER CARTER (*with flourish*)—Well, er—now, er—er, let me see, er— Oh, yes, well er, I think he must have been er—very fond of the society of pretty women, er—er—, I rather think er—er—he and I would have been very congenial.

MISS CHAPMAN (*marking horrible Greek letter opposite Miss Carter's name in fatal gradebook*)—You may stop there, Miss Carter, and Miss Berry—Sarah Berry—will you tell me some of his chief works?

MISS BERRY—Why, he wrote that lyric, "Who Nailed the Horseshoe on Our Old Cow," and, and, oh, yes! and that touching ballad, "Mother, Don't Throw the Puppy Into the Chicken Coop."

MISS CHAPMAN—And, also, Miss Berry, that exquisite sonnet, "What Ails Sara Above the Eyes?" [*Miss Berry vanishes through the ceiling.*] Miss Donelson, I see your hand is up; what is it?

MISS DONELSON—Miss Chapman, I couldn't get "Prometheus Unbound;" all the copies were bound, but I can take the binding off all right; and I wanted to tell the class that America was discovered in 1066 by a few stray Philippi-nos.

MISS CHAPMAN—Miss Price, will you give me a *short* quotation from Shelley? [*Class yawns and prepares for a half-hours nap; they awake with a start forty-five minutes later on hearing Miss Chapman say: "You have recited everything Shelley ever wrote, very well, Miss Price."*] Miss Willis, what is it?

MISS WILLIS—Miss Chapman, I read in the "Smart Set" where Shelley was born in the province of the "Prince of Pilsen," is that true?

MISS CHAPMAN—Ye Gods! Miss Warner will you help Miss Willis out?

MISS WARNER (*in stage whisper*)—Mercy! I knew she was going to call on me! [*Aloud*]—Why, er, it doesn't seem to me he was born there, but I think he lived and died in Mexico. Wait just a minute—Tampiko, was the name of the place. [*Miss Warner suddenly goes through the floor.*]

MISS CHAPMAN—Miss Watkins, for pity sake tell me about Endymion and what you got out of it.

MISS WATKINS—Well, it begins with, He was sitting—no, standing—no, sleeping—no—

MISS CHAPMAN—We haven't time to go any further. For to-morrow's lesson take the next six hundred and fifteen pages of Tennyson, and read, outside, all the books Ruskin ever wrote. [*Shrieks of despair, weeping and gnashing of teeth from class. Car of the Spirit of the End of the Hour descends and bears the Grand High Torturer aloft to room No. 67.*]

CURTAIN.

ACT II—SCENE II—Psychology Room.

Time—11:00 o'clock, sharp.

[*Class room. Girls rush in breathlessly. Mad rush for seats with desks. Enter Miss Spurlock.*]

MISS SPURLOCK—Be very quiet, young ladies. We are wasting time. I fear you do not come to class as promptly as possible. You are fully a quarter of a minute late, and this is a very important lesson. What is the subject for to-day?

CLASS (*sadly*)—Review of the last twelve chapters.

MISS SPURLOCK—O, yes; a very delightful section of this most thought-lifting science. I trust you all realize the importance of the building up process of the brain cells.

MISS BUFORD (*to her neighbor*)—I appreciate the fact that most of mine were being torn down while I was studying this lesson last night.

MISS SPURLOCK—Now, Miss Fall, when you behold a watermelon what different sensations are conveyed to your brain?

MISS FALL—Hunger for one. (*Aside*)—Twenty-five minutes more. Will the bell for recess ever ring?

MISS SPURLOCK—This is an interesting subject: "The Threshold of Hearing." Miss Hargrave!

MISS HARGRAVE—O, yes. Man's threshold is rather high, but a cat's is lower, because its ears are nearer the ground, don't you know, and—

MISS SPURLOCK—No, look it up in your book. But, Miss Quarrels, speaking of cats, have you ever noticed how a cat descends a tree? Head or tail foremost?

MISS QUARRELS—Our cat ascends most any end first, and doesn't descend until it is relieved of the *stimuli* caused by the approach of a dog.

MISS SPURLOCK—The Physiological meaning of this paragraph has escaped your notice, I fear, and that recalls

Perception to my mind. Perception is a most essential feature in all sciences, and, from a Psychologist's point of view, is the main rock upon which we plant the basis of all our ideas. Miss Hicks, can you suggest anything that tends to quicken one's perception.

MISS HICKS (*blankly*)—Why, ah, oh, do you mean rooming in a front room?

MISS SPURLOCK—I fear I have not the attention of the entire class. Your minds are wandering. You are too dreamy. That statement presents to my cerebrum a contiguous idea—"Dreams." Can we account for our dreams? Not always, but no new ideas ever form in our minds while sleeping. Now, for instance, what did you dream of last night, Miss Harrison?

MISS HARRISON (*hesitatingly*)—Peanuts, Miss Spurlock.

[*Shrieks of laughter from class.*]

MISS SPURLOCK—It is very probable that you were eating some last night before retiring.

CLASS (*in an undertone*)—Very, very probable.

MISS SPURLOCK—Attention! Now, let us have a little experience meeting here, and you may each relate some dream that you are unable to account for.

[*Hands go up all over the room.*]

MISS SPURLOCK—Miss Frazier.

MISS FRAZIER—It was only last night that I dreamed a most peculiar and complex dream. I dreamed that I was at the Tennessee asylum plucking flowers for mother in a very harmless way, when I was seized by two fierce-looking men and carried to a dark and dismal cell. But "father" rescued me from this and was about to put me in a special class of Psychology when I awoke.

MISS SPURLOCK—Upon what hypothesis do you predicate the assumption of your dream?

MISS FRAZIER—I—

MISS PICKENS (*interrupting*)—Well, Miss Spurlock, last night I dreamed it was Saturday, and—would you believe it?—when I awoke I could have sworn I smelled soup.

[*Class applauds.*]

MISS MCRAE (*in a hollow voice*)—Last night I was visited by that phenomenon, termed by the Physiological Psychologist an hallucination, in the form of a bloody hand

holding a terrible head with glazed eyes and an unsightly mouth, which expounded in accents of the grave: "In promulgating esoteric cogitations, articulating superficial sentimentalities and Psychical observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity."

[*Class shrieks and disappears through doors, windows and skylights.*]

CURTAIN.

ACT II—SCENE III—Rostrum.

[*Seats all arranged tête-à-tête, girls in excited whispers, discuss Ethel Barrymore and Maxine Elliott. Enter Miss J., with books, maps, pens, pencils, and "The Ivanhoe Note Book or Historical Chart, No. IV," gently folded under her left arm.*]

MISS J.—Before I begin now, I want the school to distinctly understand that not a single girl is expected to leave her seat during my recitation! Well, I will begin with the back row to-day. Mabel Bryan, can you tell me,—just a minute, I forgot my handkerchief.

MABEL—Lor! Dot what was Richlien's policy? over there on page 1625.

DARDIS—Good la! Come off, I am no bureau of information. I had to go to "Miss Chapman's slides" last night, and didn't get over but one hundred and three pages, but it seems to me he wore lace in his sleeves most all the time.

MISS J. (*Returning with that bit of linen which is anything but a flag of truce*)—Well! Miss Bryan, if you didn't get so many "E's" in literature, perhaps you would know the policy of this, my favorite hero of history. Keep this in mind!

CLASS—We thought he was a Latin poet.

MISS J.—Who was Edward VII, Eulah?

CLASS—Lived time of Ramses II.

MISS JONES (*horribly excited*)—Well, I don't know—but—(*In undertone*)—O! MARY LILLY! [*Vicious promptings are heard.*] Why, of course, he was the son of Edward VI, and the father of Martin Luther, that fact has made him famous in all history. [*Storms, thunder within.*]

MISS J. (*symptoms of fainting*)—Ye mortal heroes of history! To think that my class would deal me out packages of ice like that! I cannot express myself.

CLASS--Why don't she go by freight !

MISS J. (*rubbering over the bows of the Seniors*)—Miss Murray, what in the name of my hero of *all* history, Christopher Columbus, are you trying to beat into that thick head of yours ?

MISS MURRAY (*walling her eyes*)—I cannot tell a lie ! I am studying to be a little knocker.

CLASS—Ye gods ! Literature !

MISS J.—Well, Miss Murray ! I will see you privately, when I will take you by the ear and teach you that Dr. Johnson is not the only man, but that William the Silent, my favorite of *all* history, is equally as much.

CLASS—O, check it ; he's a chump. He wasn't a spieler, anyhow ; and couldn't horse-laugh cause he was a donkey.

MISS J.—What's that, class ?

CLASS—We were commenting upon the merits of Gustavus Adolphus.

MISS J.—Yes, he is my favorite of all history ! Alexine Peck, who was the founder of the Holy Roman Empire. And, by the way, class, what was the Holy Roman Empire ?

CLASS—All Sparta and a portion of Ireland.

MISS PECK (*sleepily*)—I think the founder was Sir Douglass, of Dougleville.

MISS J.—Anna Russell, the water cooler ! Now let me have the " Historical Chart or Ivanhoe Note Book No. IV."

MISS S. CUMMINGS (*wildly waving diamond bedecked hand*)—O ! please let me tell this, I know more than anyone else in the class !

MISS MOORE—Miss Jennings, I didn't have time to fix but fifty-one maps last night.

MISS J.—Off this platform ! My voice has gone, my nervous system is collapsed, my banjo is unstrung, and my other bright Senior History classes are turning over in their graves. Villains, off ! Your heads will serve to decorate at the next recital. [*Exunt, severally, with flourish.*]

[*Gloom, lightning, thunder, earthquakes, chapel collapses, and moans are heard in the distance.*]

[CURTAIN.]

EPILOGUE.

Now, dear reader, " This is a story that grew in the hearts of the Seniors." It is the torture they have borne heroically for lo, these many mouths. It is the folk-lore of the school handed down from class to class, and given to the world for the first time in the tragical comedy, " As We Dislike It."

JUNIOR CLASS

MOTTO—Excelsior

COLORS—Pink and Green

FLOWER—Pink Carnation



Officers

MARY WASHINGTON FRAZER,
President

ANNA MARTHA COOPER,
Vice-President

ANNE RICHARDSON,
Secretary

JESSIE SMITH,
Treasurer



A Toast



Here's to the Juniors



Juniors, struggling Juniors,

What mean these tear-stained eyes,

What direful tribulations,

Bring forth such touching sighs ?

“ We have no fun at all, sir !

From Shakespeare never rest,

Our lives are overshadowed,

By that horrid word of Test.”



Junior Edition Encyclopædia Wardpanica



ANSWERS—Thoughts from afar, consisting of two kinds, right and wrong ; the former seldom venturing so far as to the Juniors' minds, but its place at all times being occupied by the latter; especially is this true on tests.

BOOKS—Inventions of the Evil One ; many having been enclosed in the box which Pandora opened and let out into the world, the majority falling at a place called Ward Seminary.

DICTIONARY—A book of knowledge used to teach the pupils of Ward Seminary that their mouths are to be used only on special occasions. Two words and their meanings which they are required to become very familiar with are “bad” and “behavior.”

GREECE—A spot ; unable to be gotten off the Juniors' minds.

GEOMETRY—A torture and nightmare of Juniors, having been sent to the world by Adam for revenge when he left the Garden of Eden. Would that he had stayed there.

ILIAD AND ODYSSEY—Classics, so called from the fact that they make the class sick.

JUNIOR—A state of bliss. Joy at the thought of all that is passed, and that there is only a little more coming.

MARKS—Certain large letters of four kinds, "E," "S," "U," and "P;" the first two being unheard of and unthought of except by a few of the most daring; the last ones being well known by a class of people called Juniors. Strange to say these marks call forth very unnecessary re-marks from the teachers.

QUOTATIONS—

Lines that Shakespeare wrote,
Which the Juniors try to quote,
But, alas, find it not their forte.

RECESS—A pastime; that is, a time that is passed.

TEACHERS—A species of creatures of very inquisitive natures, who insist upon prying into our own private intellectual affairs.

TESTS—A series of tortures given to those inflicted with school, one dose each month with half doses between times, for the purpose of training the hair upright and bringing on nervous prostration. O, excellent prescription!

HOLIDAYS—An oasis in a desert, a snow-storm in June.

An Old Maid's Garden



ES, DEAR, I suppose I was asleep when you came. I must have been dreaming, and such a queer dream it was. You see I came out very early this morning to finish planting my garden, and hoped to see it all dark and soft and smooth, hiding in its very heart rich promise of a wealth of beauty and fragrance, before the sun grew too hot for me and my hoe.

I had hardly half finished, though, when I grew tired, in spite of my determination to finish, and this wicked old apple tree deliberately reached out its long arms and beckoned and lured me on, till I found myself here, where you see me. It is such a good, quiet, comforting old tree. Why, as long as I can remember, this very bench has been my "city of refuge." Cicero was more yielding here; even originals were less obdurate, as they seemed to soften in the atmosphere of this tree.

Somebody had been here before me, for when I came I found these cushions, and tucked under one, this old book. Then I knew Alice had succeeded in her search for *THE IRIS*. Alice, you know, is my niece, and is one of the editors this year. She was surprised when I told her that *THE IRIS* dated back as far as my Junior year at Ward's. She hardly waited till I told her, before she was pulling out and looking behind the books in the library for my old copy.

Here it was, as I said, when I came to rest. I wanted to kiss the queer old thing, for its own sake, as well as for the memories that hung around it. I had been sitting here, while the breezes fluttered the leaves, and fancies sweet as the apple blossoms, drifted as idly through my brain. When, looking toward my unfinished task, I was surprised to find that not only was it finished, but that this garden was a mass of color and fragrance. There seemed, too, to be

a confusion not usually found in so quiet a spot. The flowers were actually talking, some quickly, some impatiently, and some quite mournfully.

At last, above the din and confusion, one voice rose clearly and distinctly. It came from a tall green sage plant that stood over in the corner. And as I listened, I heard these sharp words of reproof: "The bell has rung; order now, if you wish any recess." With these words, she turned sharply and glanced over to the left, where she observed a trumpet-vine talking excitedly to a tall yellow canna, who at frequent intervals was raising her head and ejaculating expressively, "Ach was." As the sage glared fiercely in their direction, the poor trumpet-vine raised her head and felt called upon to offer an explanation. So she began: "O, sage one, I was only pouring forth my troubles into the ear of a friend, in hope of gaining sympathy. For you must know that originals and that awful class of people known as Juniors, are the bane of my existence; and not only that, but even *vice versa*."

The sage deigned no reply, but bestowed upon them a pitying, and at the same time contemptuous, glance, as she turned her attention next to another group of flowers, who were chattering busily together. I noticed among them the moon flower, the fleur-de-lis, and the little zinnia. And as I gazed upon them, I saw all three of them start and begin to tremble with fear, for the voice of the sage was ringing out this rebuke, "Now what are you flowers talking about?"

Then the pale moon flower spoke and said, "We were only telling each other our one and only hope in this life."

"Well, stand up and give me a full answer," replied the sage. "And you may begin."

Then the moon flower lifted her head and said, "I was only remarking to my friends, the fleur-de-lis and the zinnia, that if I could get unity, emphasis, and coherence in my themes from the Juniors, I would be perfectly happy."

"And I," piped up the little zinnia, "Would think my cup of blessings overflowing, if only I could have literal translations."

"While I," said the fleur-de-lis, "Wish for only two things in my life; they are, first, correct French, and second, never to hear that horrid English, 'The bell has rang.'"

In the meantime, while the sage was giving a parting word of reproof to this group, I heard the nightshade trying to convince the mignonette that to keep study-hall was a much

harder task than to teach the children. And all the time the hop-vine, that bordered the bed of flowers, kept repeating, "Cross your t's and dot your i's."

The sage must not have noticed these, for she was then looking around as if seeking some one. At last she said, in a questioning voice, "And who is going to play for us this morning?" Then at that moment, three flowers that I had not noticed before, sprang up. They were the primrose, old maid's pink, and the hollyhock. The hollyhock offered her services very graciously, and after a short consultation with the Johnny-jump-up, who had at last made his appearance, announced to the others that they would sing number 375 this morning. Whereupon the primrose began to protest, that instead of number 375, number 341 be sung.

At this moment the confusion was greatly augmented by the appearance of a sturdy white hyacinth, who came up with all her white bells shaking and whispering, "Tests, tests, for the Juniors this morning."

At last, however, all the uproar ceased, as the old familiar lines of "There is a green hill far away," rang in my ears, and I opened my eyes to find you standing here, gazing down with me at the faculty page of this old Iris.



Junior Class



BARKER, SARAH KANE, J Y

BARRS, LYDIA, J Y

CAMPBELL, VIRGINIA RUTH

CAMPBELL, FANNIE BURNER

CLARKE, EMMA FRANCES

CLEVELAND, JOSEPHINE

CONDIT, BERTHA

COOPER, ANNA MARTHA

CUMMINS, MARY SUE

DALLAS, ELIZABETH

GORDON, AGNESS GLASS

SAWRIE, AMELIA

SCRUGGS, WILLOUISE

FRITH, LOUISE

HALL, ALICE

HAYES, MARGARET

INGRAM, ZERELDA

JERRETT, EVA

LIPSCOMB, MARTHA

MITCHELL, MARY G.

MORGAN, SARAH

MCDONALD, JEAN, J Y

RAGSDALE, BESSIE MAY

RICHARDSON, ANNE

ROSENBAUM, CAROLYN

SELMAN, ELLEN

SELLERS, MERCIA

SMITH, JESSIE

STUMP, WILLELLA

WHITE, ELOISE

WILKES, ZELL

WILLIAMS, ROWENA

YARBROUGH, MARGARET



THE SOPHOMORE CLASS '04

MOTTO—"Noblesse Oblige"

FLOWER—Golden Rod

COLOR—Gold and Green

Officers

AMELIA McLESTER *President*

ANDREWENA ALEXANDER . . . *Secretary*

SARA FULKERSON *Vice-President*

CARRIE DUNCAN HART . . . *Treasurer*

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JANE ECHOLS

JEAN BRADFORD

SARA FULKERSON

HAZEL BRANDON

CARRIE DUNCAN HART

KATE CHAMBERS

FLOSSIE LOWENSTINE

MINNIE CRABTREE

CECIL M. McCARVER

LOUISE CLARK

AMELIA McLESTER

EUNICE DeBARD

AILEEN SHAPARD

A Toast



Here's to the Sophomores



My lady wears a floating veil,
Her teacher's words do not avail.
A lofty bow upon her hair,
Doth lend a most bewitching (?) air.
And rain or shine she walks the streets,
She smiles at every lad she meets.
Beneath a tow'ring pompadour,
Behold—My lady Sophomore!



The Ward Ducks

BY SARA FULKERSON, SOPHOMORE CLASS



Behold the Ward Ducks move to class
From quarters far and near,
With anxious glances as they pass,
When they the brass gong hear.

They carry themes, they carry books,
Some look quite wise, they do—
And yet you can tell by their looks,
Some lack a thing, or two.

Now listen to that slender duck,
That creeps along this way,
“O, gracious me! What awful luck!
What will those teachers say?”

“I have not had a moment's time
To study literature.
My Cæsar's gone; I wish the Rhine
Had swallowed up that dear.”

Another Ward duck paddles along—
“Say, did you see my book?
I put it down with Milton's song,
In yonder little nook.”

"What is the French verb for to-day,
What conjugation, please?"
You hear a Freshman duck now say,
That struts along with ease.

A "Senior" duck, wise-looking bird,
With philosophic sloth—
"Young fowls should be seen, not heard,
Remember that," she quoth.

Another duck, of Junior rank,
Comes sailing from her class.
Just missed her test, "O what a crank
That Euclid was, alas!"

A duck that's called a Sophomore
Is wading through the yard.
She quotes her Longfellow evermore,
Yet never knows her part.

You poor, dear ducks, you have a time,
Upon my word, I say!
But wipe your tears, do not repine,
Soon comes Commencement Day.

To "home, sweet home," you'll soon return,
The school days are now gone,
Yet many a little tear will burn,
Remembering, when alone.

O blessed days, when things went wrong,
When books caused such distress!
O let those ducklings sing a song,
Of themes, of bells—recess.

Trials of the Sophomores

CARRIE DUNCAN HART, SOPHOMORE CLASS



WE ARE Sophomores; but does that justify the Freshmen in looking upon us as equals, the Juniors regarding us with condescension, as if they pitied us, while at the same time they appear to be disgusted; and the Seniors actually calling us "kids," which is certainly very undignified of them when you take into consideration their ages and their positions in the school as the "examples." The Intermediates, and even the Primaries, do not show us the proper degree of respect; while, to make a bad matter—a matter of such alarming significance—worse, the world at large regards the Sophomores at large as "foolish, undignified children, unfit to be called young ladies."

Even our slightest actions and words are criticised. When we imagine that a certain remark was made just at the right time, and in the right place, some impertinent little Freshman is sure to say: "That is a Sophomore; you can tell it from the way she talks. I sincerely hope that I will have more sense when I am one." If we think we have been unusually bright in solving a hard problem, and are bold enough to mention the matter, a Junior or Senior, wholly forgetful of how she resented the remark when she was a Sophomore, is just as certain to remark: "I wish those 'kids' would hush; we thought nothing at all of working that problem." And so the matter goes on from bad to worse.

Of course, all these things are very provoking, but we endure them patiently, and, in our opinion, have succeeded so well, that we are induced as a class to congratulate ourselves individually on our success in this great virtue, endurance. We have also resolved to be more lenient to the Sophomores, "that are to be," when we are Juniors and Seniors.





WARD

SEMINARY

SOPHOMORES

1904.



"Noblesse oblige."

Gilbert Bros.

Freshman Class



Freshman Class



MOTTO—Each for the other, and all for God

COLORS—Red and Gold

FLOWER—Poppy

Officers

HENRIETTE FALL RICHARDSON, *President*

KATE TILLET, *Secretary*

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SARAH SPERRY, *Treasurer*

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NELLIE KILVINGTON

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LOUISE RHEA

SUNSHINE GREDITZER

MARY PRICHARD

MAI DAWN SAMUEL

CARRIE KITTRELL

FRANCES McLESTER

MARGARET WARNER

KATE TILLET

EDWINA BOURKE

SARAH SPERRY

HENRIETTE RICHARDSON

A Toast



Here's to the Freshmen



Fresh as the green grass, growing 'round the door.

Fresh as the chocolates from Mrs. Tony's store.

Fresh as the "Rubber-necks" that pass along the way.

Fresh as the memories of the yesterday.

Fresh as the sweet breath wafted soft from heaven.

Fresh! Oh, so fresh! the Class of Nineteen Seven.



Characteristics of a Freshman



I. Fresh as green paint.

II. An interrogation point personified.

III. Particularly fond of "beaus" in more ways than one.

IV. Reverence for a dignified Senior.

V. Partial to the three words, "I don't know."

VI. Breaking into all conversations, public or private.

VII. Always wanting to know, but never knowing.

Mother Goose Rhymes

This is the school known as Ward's.

This is the class that went to school at Ward's.

This is the teacher who taught the class that went to school
at Ward's.

This is the test the teacher gave who taught the class that went to
school at Ward's.

This is the pencil, blunt and worn, that wrote the test the teacher gave that
taught the class that went to school at Ward's.

This is the Freshman all forlorn, that used the pencil blunt and worn, that wrote the test
the teacher gave, that taught the class that went to school at Ward's.

This is the bell that rang in the morn, that waked the Freshman all forlorn, that used the pencil, blunt and
and worn, that wrote the test the teacher gave, that taught the class that went to school at Ward's.

1904



ODEAN SPRENG



ALTHEA RYMAN



KATE TALBOT



MARGARET PINNER



MARK POTERACK



ELIZABETH LIVINGSTON



LOUISE OWEN



BERNICE ALINGTON



CARRIE PITTS



DAPHNE ENOYLE



FRANCES WILCOX



ABIGAIL LORAN

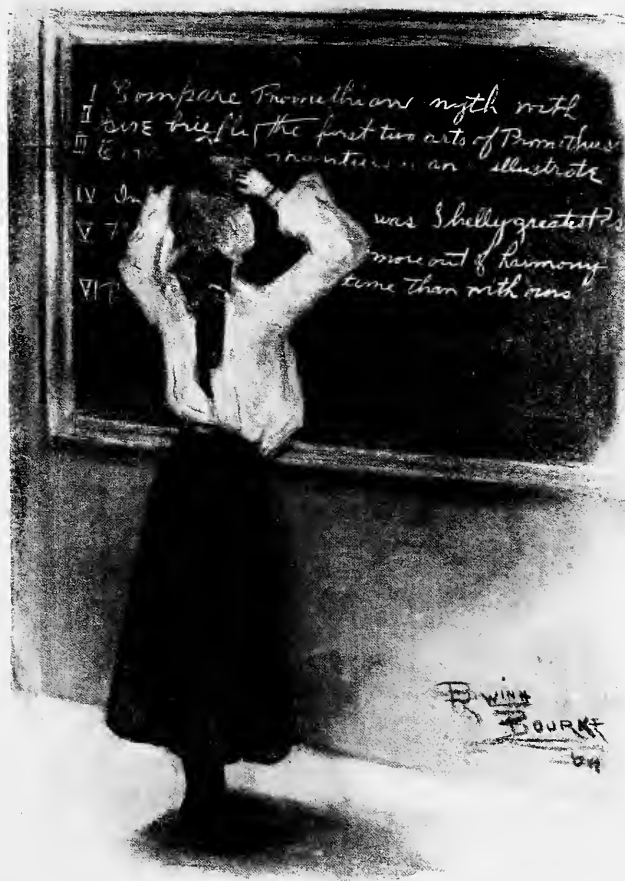
FRESHMAN

WARD

CLASS.

SEMINARY.

Thos
Photos.



I Compare Prometheus myth with
II give brief of the first two acts of Prometheus
III Prometheus an illustrate
IV In was Shelley greatest?
V more out of harmony
VI time than with ours
VII

P. WING
BOURKE
64



COLLEGE PREPARATORY.

The Dream of a College Preparatory Girl

BY ANNA RUSSELL COLE



IT WAS a situation conducive to dreams. In a little, square room in the garret of an old, rambling house, built, to all appearances for the gambols of spirits—not for a dwelling place of men—a schoolgirl lounged in an old armchair, drawn up before a fire on the hearth. The room might have been plain under the glare of daylight, but with the dancing shadows from the fire playing over the dark furniture, and softening the rough, bare, outlines of the room into ruddy uncertainty, it seemed a veritable abode for the imagination. The girl in the great armchair before the fire felt this peculiar charm of the little room, for she leaned back listlessly and gazed into the fire. For a few moments she kept her finger between the leaves of a book on her lap, as if unwilling to yield altogether to the spell, but the book soon glided by degrees to the floor, and the girl became lost in her reverie.

Out beyond the glowing coals before her lay the land of her imagination. It was a glorious country where effort and success were one. She had often fancied herself an inhabitant of this dream world, and to-night all the grand deeds of the strange beings about her seemed to be a part of herself. It was an easy matter to go through college and win honors in the fanciful land. She saw herself in a bachelor's cap and gown, the center of an admiring circle. Then—she always knew what came next in her dream world—she was mistress of a beautiful country estate, and the little room broadened into a long, fair lawn. Great people came from far and near to visit her. She soon became famous as a poet and writer. All of her friends of reality were there, too. Time and sorrow had no part to play in her dream world, and she heard only the songs of gay-winged birds and the soft melody of the dream trees. Sometimes her own life would seem to

disappear from the deeds of the fanciful land, and then the scenes would grow dim and fade away in the red coals. Then, again, they would become ever so dear and vivid, and she would live in her dream deeds just as she did in the old house. She had just reached the height of her fame, to-night, in the imagination land, when she was rudely brought back to the reality of the garret. The great tones of the bell in the public school next door jarred through the dream air, and she awoke from her reverie. Her discarded book lay at her feet on the hearth, and the short hand of the clock on the dark mantelpiece rested on the twelve mark just above a little spray of painted flowers—so different from the flowers of her dream land!





THU 55
PHOTOS

MARY SPERRY	SALLIE MCKAY
GLADYS SIMMS	JOSEPHINE WILKERSON
MYRTLE E. KELLY	HELEN NELSON
KATE MORGAN	
EUEDELPHA DAVIS	CHRISTINE CARMACK
NELSON SAVAGE	BESSIE C. TURNER
HELEN MOORE	LUCILE E. ALLEN



The First Intermediary



MOTTO—"Be True to Truth"

COLOR—Lavendar and White

FLOWER—Sweetpea

BESSIE SHWAB	President
GEORGIE HUME	Vice-President
MARTHA WEATHERLY	Secretary
THEO FOWLKES	Treasurer

MAY HITCHCOCK

ALICE HIBBETT

ROBERTA WEATHERFORD

BETHA TURNER



WARD'S



MAY HITCHCOCK



ETHEL DUBOSE



ROBERTA WEATHERMOND



ROBERTA TURNER



ALICE HIBBETT

FIRST INTERMEDIATE CLASS



EDNA WEATHERLY



BESSIE SHAW - PRESIDENT



EDNA HUME - VICE PRES.



EDNA HUME - TREAS.

PRIMARY CLASSES



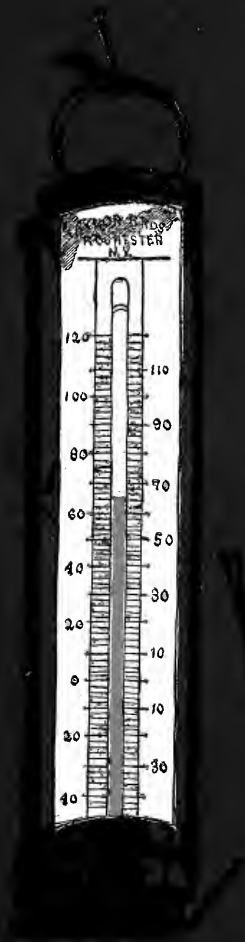
Primary List

EMMA VAUGHN ALLISON	FANNIE FOREST BENNIE	
LORNA DOONE CARR	MACKIE ANDERSON DAVIS	
HAZEL DRIVER	MAMIE FRANCES DUNCAN	
ELIZABETH HAIL	MARY HOLMES	MARY LYLE HARWELL
SALLIE MADDIN HOPKINS	RUTH IVEY	MAUREEN JOHNSON
ELAINE JONES	MARY KILVINGTON	VIRGINIA LINDSLEY
MARIE LIPSCOMB	GRACE MCGINLEY	BEATRICE MOORE
JEAN MORGAN	GLADYS NEAL	ELIZABETH ROBERTS
KATE SAVAGE	PORTIA SAVAGE	FERDINA SPERRY
HENRIETTA SPERRY	KATHARINE STRONG	GLADYS SULLIVAN
ELIZABETH THOMPSON		LUCY TILLMAN
SUSIE TURNER	EMMA BAXTER VAUGHN	
ELLEN BARBOUR WALLACE	MARY TOM WARNER	
MARY WITHERSPOON	LOUISE WITHERSPOON	





PRIMARY CLASS.



THE WEATHER



THE PLAYERS

James Earl Ray, John Edgar Hoover, and the other men who were involved in the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.



THE WEATHER

Weather is always changing — showers, sun, variable winds.



THE WAITING

— and the child — and the mother —



THE WEATHER

Small house under — Fair, no material difference in temperature



THE PLAYERS

Left to Right: Mother — (all young people)

Literature.



Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Ward Landmarks

BY ELBERT HOYCROFT RUBBARD



QUICK! up a flight of steps; up two flights of steps; there! At last we are here, above the noise of the schoolroom; above the shrieks of the Primary children; till above, but, thank heavens, a deal above the "harmourous" wail of the vocal pupils. Away from the prosaic world into the Elysian spot of the school—the roof garden. How do we know it is a roof garden? By the roof, of course; the word garden was put in just to strengthen your imagination. But do you not see the suggestion of a garden? Notice the tall, willowy smokestack spreading its gigantic branches of smoke over the entire place, thus keeping the rays of the ever-teeming sun from literally scorching the Ward Ducks, who gracefully float in those cooling pools of transparent soot. Don't laugh at the flowers, they will probably grow when they are planted. That withered daisy over there is a mere recollection of Burns. Beware of the large sign "Keep Off the Grass," 'tis fooling thee. The most refreshing evidence of the roof garden is the evergreen Freshmen, verdantly reclining on the rusty benches which are placed near and far (mostly far) over "the desert." But cheer up, for into each school some farce must come. Some roof garden must be hot and dirty.

* * * * *

Horrors! What have we here, a storage-room or a waste paper basket? Neither. This is the reading-room. Can't you recognize it by the incessant flow of conversation which "Chatters, chatters, as it flows, and goes on forever;" but don't mention it, for the teachers might get on to us. Where are the books that are supposed to fill the empty shelves? They are either on the floor, under the sofa, or in the chapel; in some cases they never were.

You see how painstaking we are to help the librarian. By the way, where is the librarian?

She is spending the winter in Florida. She spends all her winters in Florida. She will come home next August and clean up the library, so it will be ready for more fun in the fall.

* * * * *

My! Why do the Ward girls pour out of the Chapel in such droves, is there a parade coming? No, there is no parade coming, it is recess, and they are merely going at break-neck speed to Mrs. Tony's. Mrs. Tony's is an earthly paradise, where bananas, oranges, chocolate drops and zu zus grow without charge. But soft; don't say "charge," for Mr. Blanton might think we mean the charge the Vanderbilt boys made on study hall Thanksgiving night. Those dear Vanderbilt boys! We spend all our Y. W. C. A. money at Mrs. Tony's buying everything that's fit to eat. Some times we are sorry we ate it, but let's not tell the faculty, it would give them too much satisfaction. Some day Mrs. Tony will be a rich lady like unto Mrs. Huyler, and then she will put a twenty-five dollar "ad." in THE IRIS. Good for Mrs. Tony.

* * * * *

What is this long, dark, gloomy room with no air at all, unless it's "hot air?" We do not know, unless it's a prison or the infirmary, it looks about just as "measley." Turn on the light. Now, that's better.

We see a few Indian clubs and six broken dumb bells. Can this be? Why of course, this is the gymnasium. Here we grow strong and like unto Samson. We grow discouraged, also. But don't blame the "gym," it does the best it can.



Sir Lawrence of Loraine

BY ANNA RUSSELL COLE



IN THE olden days, when men wore armor and jousted and feasted highly every day, there lived a brave and noble knight called Sir Lawrence of Loraine. He dwelt in a tall, turreted castle, the windows of which blazed brightly in the evening sun, and the halls of which were filled with rare and costly treasures. He was lord of many lands, and master over many followers. He was very learned and wonderfully wise, for he knew the magic of the Black Art, and could read the mysteries written in the stars. He was a true knight, too, this Sir Lawrence of Loraine, for

he had won victories in the tournament, and had unhorsed many a noble warrior. So that all the world looked upon him and thought how fine a man he was, for the world admired the rich, the powerful, the great.

However, Sir Lawrence, with all his learning, his castles, and his lands, felt that he lacked something, he knew not what. So that when he stood upon his richly carved galleries and listened to his minstrels sing, or when he hunted with his noble pack of hounds in his dark forests, he felt but little interest in it all. At times Sir Lawrence of Loraine would wonder at the happiness of the simple folk whom he would meet when he and his noble retainers rode along the public way. They seemed so filled with the bliss and peace which he felt could never be his, that he would gladly have doffed his gay doublet, his purple and fine linen, and his unhappiness for the contentment and rags of the poor. But Nature had great lessons to teach Sir Lawrence of Loraine.

One day while he sat in his fair garden, and the sun played upon the trees above him and made little dancing shadows upon the turf beneath his feet, he sat wondering what he yet wanted, the lack of which made him so unhappy. At last, as he thought of what it could be, this indefinable something, a voice within him which seemed to shut out every other sound, said, "Seek

and ye shall find." He rose mechanically, as if obeying an unseen something, and buckling on his sword and drawing down his visor, he followed it out beyond his castle gates into the open world.

As he strode along, his iron-clad feet raising a little cloud of dust behind him, the country folk stared and wondered where he could be going so swiftly and all alone. But he heeded them not, and only followed his unseen guide to find the thing he lacked and so much desired. Hill and lake and country-side, sights all familiar to his eyes, were soon left behind, and his footsteps led into the town. It was a strange city, he had never seen it before. A gay mob of revelers came dancing down the narrow, twisted streets, singing songs of chivalry and love. Over the great town a castle stood guard; its tall towers and grey walls forming a clear outline against the evening sky. The knight wondered if here, among tall chimney tops and crooked alley-ways, he should find what he sought. However, he could but follow his wild desire to seek this unknown something. It led him by palace and gilded hall, by groups of the powerful and rich, where he had thought all happiness should abide. The knights and ladies, and pages and street boys, looked after him as he passed, but he heeded them not. At last, when the weight of his armor began to oppress him, he stopped in front of a high-gabled house, out of whose windows a faint light came. He knocked at the door with its great brass knocker, and a tall, slender man, whose black peaked hat and long dismal gown showed that he was a student, answered his call.

"Why do you knock at this house, where few men ever care to come?" asked the student.

"I do not know," answered Sir Lawrence, "only this I can tell you, that I seek that unknown something, whatever it may be, that makes life worth living."

"You will not find it here," said the wise one, "for wisdom even in mysteries will not give you what you seek."

"Then where shall it be found, if not in learning?" asked the knight.

But the student had shut the door, and only the damp, dusty smell of old books and the fumes of chemistry were left behind in the night air.

Sir Lawrence looked grave. "Wisdom will not give me what I seek," he whispered. "Where shall it be found?"

"Seek and ye shall find," the voice whispered.

He turned and walked down the street, his steel-clad feet breaking the stillness of the quiet evening with their iron clang. He had journeyed a long while down the sombre, silent streets

when the monotony of darkness was suddenly broken in upon. Out of an open postern gate a long, clear, dazzling light poured down upon the rough cobble-stones and made his armor shine with the brightness of silver. He crept up the wall and thrust his head in through the opening, but he drew back quickly, for the sight which met his eyes had blinded him. In a square courtyard a hundred nobles and ladies were dancing and making merry to the tune of many minstrels, and flaring lights from niches in the wall shone down upon a swerving, brilliant mass. Gay voices of the crowd were now and then broken in upon by the loud quips of the jesters who strode in their fool's attire among the guests. Wine and liquor were being served by pages in fancy dress. In short, the entire scene which had met the eyes of Sir Lawrence was one of hilarity and brilliancy.

The knight pondered a moment upon the threshold and then, throwing back the upper door until it struck the wall above him, he stepped into the open court.

The music stopped and a hundred faces turned toward the knight, for the clang of the heavy door had been heard even by the jesters. Sir Lawrence stood motionless, his tall iron-clad figure looking strangely out of place among the gayly dressed throng before him.

"Who comes thus uninvited into our midst to interrupt our merry-making?" asked a richly dressed noble, whose costly doublet and hose and royal ermine cape showed him to be no unimportant person.

"I," answered the knight, "Sir Lawrence of Loraine, do thus intrude upon you, seeking what all men most desire and what you seem even now to possess—the thing which makes life worth living."

"Ah," returned the noble, laughing in a scornful, hollow tone, "you seek a very difficult thing, and one which you can never obtain here, for you should know that riches and luxury do not bring what you seek."

"I should, indeed, know it," replied the knight, "but I must need be told again."

The musicians and the jesters broke in upon his speech, and the nobles and ladies began their dance again, for they cared but little for a stranger knight who sought so grave a thing.

Sir Lawrence turned away and strode out into the darkness. Night had settled down over the city, and a bright moon stood just up above the turreted castle. Sir Lawrence lifted his visor

and the cool night air fanned his cheek and made him think of the calm, restful country which lay out beyond the city walls. For a moment his soul seemed to sicken of its desire; but the voice within him kept repeating "Seek and ye shall find." So he drew down his visor and turned his back against the town.

The sun of a warm, hazy September morning shone full upon a little group of huts and a tall, black monastery nestled between lowlying hills. Sir Lawrence of Loraine stood at the gate of the monastery knocking, as he had knocked a year before at the door of the student, but no one answered his call; and since the gate stood ajar, he stepped in without any bidding. A square courtyard, surrounded by a dark cloister overhung with heavy vines, lay before him. He could hear the chant of the monks coming in through an open door in the wall beside him. In a moment the great clock in the tower above the gate began to strike; the morning service had ended. The voices of the monks became clearer and clearer as if they were nearing the door. Sir Lawrence knelt with his face toward the opening. All in a moment the voices ceased and the procession began to file slowly out before the knight. Some of the monks started in amazement at seeing a warrior kneeling in their quiet cloister, but they passed by and heeded him not—all save a very young votary, who paused beside him.

"What do you seek, Sir Knight?" gently asked the monk.

"I seek what must surely be found here," exclaimed Sir Lawrence, looking with ecstasy into the face of the monk, "what I have sought in strange lands in vain for a long year; I seek the thing which makes life worth living."

The monk shook his head sorrowfully. "You will not find it here," he said simply, and turned slowly away.

"It cannot be found at all?" whispered the knight, rising to his feet. "It does not abide in wisdom, nor in riches, nor in seclusion. It surely cannot be found at all." But the voice within him answered clear and strong, "Seek and ye shall find."

All day long the knight walked again among the haunts of men; toward evening as the sky grew yellow and crimson in the west, he neared a little village. The songs of the laborers, as they stood in the fields binding the ripe grain, came to him over the open, tranquil country. On

the edge of the village he paused before a little thatch-covered cottage standing near the roadway. Its door stood half open ; Sir Lawrence, weary from his long journey, stepped over the narrow threshold. The room was quite dark, save for a low brush-wood fire which flickered on the stone hearth. A woman holding a little baby in her arms rose as the knight entered and courtesied before him.

"Be seated, Sir Knight, and rest in my little hut," she said simply. " From what far-off land have you come that you seem so tired ? "

"I am seeking a treasure," replied Sir Lawrence, "the priceless gift that makes life worth living."

"And have you come so far in search of so simple a thing ? " asked the peasant.

"I have, indeed, come a long journey," sighed Sir Lawrence ; "I have sought for it in the abode of wisdom, in the castle of luxury, and in the haunt of solitude, and I have not yet found it."

"And have you come to the hut of poverty to seek your priceless treasure ? " asked the peasant.

"Aye," replied Sir Lawrence.

"Then look," said the woman, "the quiet fields which lie out before us are rich in the plenty and fruit of God's hand. The student who seeks wisdom never grows wise enough. The nobleman who craves riches is never quite as rich as he would be, and the recluse is ever hunting for some task to fill his vacant hours. But here, in the broad world, in God's fair, tranquil country, abides the one thing which makes life worth living ; and that great gift is CONTENTMENT."

The peasant's voice sank to a low murmur in Sir Lawrence's ear. The last glorious beam of the setting sun shone into the little room and filled it with a strange radiance. The Knight rose, and in the clear evening light, turned slowly homeward.



"The Ordination of Bob"

BY HENRIETTE FALL RICHARDSON



IT WAS a cold, snowy Sunday morning in December when the negroes of all the neighboring plantations assembled at the little frame church on the hill. This Sunday was not only the first Sunday in the month, but it was also the day set to license the preacher for the coming year; therefore we can account for the large number of negroes that were now gathering in the church.

The Presiding Elder was to call on some of the active members of the church for their opinion as to how the preacher was to be selected, and the first one that was called upon was an old negro, whose hair was as white as the apron which he always wore, and who was known under the name of "Bob." Bob did not feel "warthy ob givin' his 'pinion concarnin' such a ser'ous mattah," but nevertheless he rose and began in this way: "Brethern an' sistern ob de Lord's holy church: I ain't parpared to put my thoughts an' feelin's in words dis here mornin' an' give yo'als my mokest honest 'pinion, but I'm gwine to say dis, dat I aint one of dem dat believes on man a choosin' who am gwine to be our conflagration's preacher, an' dat God am de one to do the pickin' of de preacher." The congregation was not of the same opinion as Bob, and Parson Daniel Washington Jefferson Green occupied the pulpit the next Sunday.

After Parson Green was chosen as the pastor, it was decided that Bob should be ordained a deacon, and immediately the ordination took place against the wishes of poor old Bob, who protested that "de Lord He would make him a deacon when de suit'ble time was at hand."

That afternoon about 3 o'clock Bob was sitting in front of the large wood fire, "I was jes' a thinkin' when jes as sho as I was settin' dar, I heard a voice a sayin' 'Bob, Bob.' At fust I thought sholy I 'bliged to be mistaken, fur dar ain't no livin' soul under de roof ob dis cabin

ceptin' me, but when de voice say 'Bob' fur de third time I knowed it was de Lord, an' I says 'here I is,' den de voice says 'Bob, you's a deacon,' den it say nothin' mo."

The next Sunday Bob related how the Lord had come to him, and he told the congregation the Lord's words "dar I was jes' a tellin' dem 'bout de Lord jes as ser'ous like, when dey all laffed, and laffed, and said it was 'totally impossible.'"

That Sunday afternoon the old man was again sitting in front of the fire thinking over the Lord's words when, as Bob relates it, "de voice came to me an' says 'Bob, you's a deacon.' That I are; and then the Lord said, 'Bob, dar ain't as much sin a lurking around your heart as is assatained to a mustard seed cut into four part.' Den I said 'take me wid you; take me wid you; take me wid you;' but de Lord said to me 'Bob, I has a time for everyt'ing, and den I'll bring you to myself.'"

That was in the good old days before the war, and now, as Bob expresses it, he's "jes a livin' on borrowed time awaitin' fur his orders."



Ward's Version of Some Well Known Books



"Seats of the Mighty,"

or

The Rostrum During Chapel Exercises

"Nothing But Leaves,"

or

A Freshman's Topic Book

"By Fire and Sword,"

or

Miss Jennings' Method of Teaching History

"The Bread Winners,"

or

The Lucky Few Who Get Out at Recess

"Under a Lucky Star,"

or

The Chorus Class

"Through the Looking Glass,"

or

Reflections of Irene Kirkpatrick

"How to do Business,"

or

The Iris Editors Usual Topic of Conversation

"Twice Told Tales,"

or

Dr. Jacobs' European Jokes

"Ancient Greece,"

or

Ward Seminary Butter

"Les Miserables,"

or

Remembrances of Tests

"Prisoners of Hope,"

or

The Senior Class

The Mercury.



OUR little paper, THE MERCURY, was first published in the month of January, 1904, by a staff of six Ward girls who labored unceasingly and untiringly that through this little literary messenger our seminary might become more closely allied and acquainted with the other schools and colleges of the United States. Considering the recency of the organization, they have succeeded, as already we have been recognized and commented upon quite kindly by the press of about twenty-five college papers. May WARDS MERCURY continue in as successful a career in the future years as in nineteen hundred and four.



MERCURY STAFF



A TYPICAL WARD GIRL



$\Delta \Sigma$

$\Delta \Sigma$



Δ ost thou ask me, then, to tell
 E 'en the sacred story true
 Λ ying 'neath the mystic spell
 T hat's enshrined in symbols two?
 A h, thou must not question me.

Σ pirits clad in deadly white
 I nstilled my quaking soul with fright,
 Γ ave their chilly hand to me,
 M ade me swear all secrecy;
 A h, thou must not question me.

Alpha Chapter of Delta Sigma Sorority

(FOUNDED IN 1894, NASHVILLE, TENN.)

COLORS—Light Blue and Purple

FLOWER—Violet

YELL—Delta Sigma, Delta Sigma!

Mazette, Mazette!

Dixie, Dixie, Dixie, Dixie!

Dum Vivimus, Vivamus!

Officers

MARGARET McDONALD	<i>Grand High Mogul</i>
ANNIE KEITH FRAZIER	<i>Vice Regent</i>
MARY DAVENPORT	<i>Chartularia</i>
VIVA HARRISON	<i>Quaestor</i>

Roll for 1903-1904

LYDIA BARRS

SARAH BARKER

KATIE MAY LANDRUM

MARY DAVENPORT

MARGARET McDONALD

FANNIE EZELL

JEAN McDONALD

ANNIE KEITH FRAZIER

LILLA BELLE PITTS

VIVA HARRISON

KATE PITTS

Beta Chapter (Alumni) at Ogoutz-Ogoutz, Pa.

Sorores in Urbe

MISS MARTHA LANIER SCRUGGS

MRS. W. F. ALLEN

MRS. J. E. GARNER

MRS. JOHNSON BRANSFORD

MISS JULIA DUDLEY

DELTA SIGMA SORORITY

ALPHA CHAPTER



DELTA BARR



JEAN M. ...



ANTI MAY LANDON



DELIA DAVENNY



ANN CHAPMAN



ADA PITTS



ELIZABETH ...



EVA ...



JENNIE ...



MAUD ...



CLARA ...

WARD Seminary

1900







JOE CHEAIRS, President



Beta Chapter of the Kappa Delta Phi Sorority

NASHVILLE, TENN.



FLOWER—American Beauty

COLORS—Red and White



Officers

JOE CHEAIRS	<i>President</i>
EULAH JONES	<i>Vice-President</i>
GERTRUDE CARTER	<i>Secretary</i>
FLOY WOOTEN	<i>Treasurer</i>

Roll, 1904

JOE CHEAIRS

GERTRUDE CARTER

EULAH JONES

REBECCA SANFORD

BERTHA FOWLER

KATHLEEN CARR

LENA COLE

LAURA ROBERTSON

FLOY WOOTEN

GRACE ROBERTSON

MARY DUGGINS

Alpha Chapter at National Park Seminary Forest Glen, Md.



Song

When we march around in voice of gladsome sound,
Of Kappa's bond and fold—
We praise her loud and bold,
And shout hurrah, then hooray, for this shall be our song—
Sing praises to dear Kappa Delta forever,
Long may she live and from us ne'er sever,
And we'll raise a proud flag that shall float e'er on high
Of Kappa Delta, Kappa Delta! Kappa Delta Phi.





[illegible]

Mary McTurley



Beta Chapter

(FOUNDED 1903)

Ward Seminary, Nashville, Tennessee

[Originally the D. Q. R. Club.]

Organized 1897.]



MARGARETTE WADE

HAZEL NASH

MARY HICKS

SARA MCGAVOCK

JESSIE HICKS

ELISE MOORE

LOUISE BRIGHAM

AGNESS GORDON

MARIE COTTER

HELEN MOORE

SUSIE HICKERSON

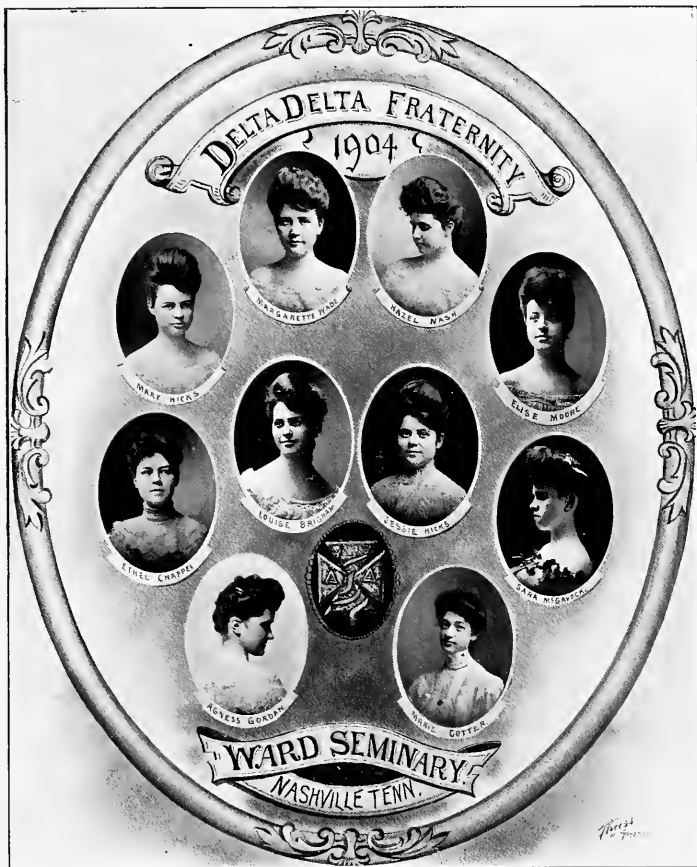


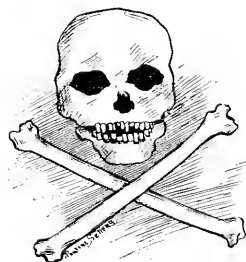
Alpha Chapter

Randolph-Macon, Woman's College . . . Lynchburg, Virginia

Fratre in Urbe

MISS ETHEL CHAPPELL





CLUBS



The Argonauts

[ORGANIZED IN 1903]



MOTTO—Honor Binds Us

COLORS—Purple and Gold

Officers

ANNA RUSSELL COLE	<i>President</i>
KATHERINE HAMMOND	<i>Vice-President</i>
AGNES AMIS	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

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MARY LOUISE WARNER	MARGARET FALL
KATHERINE HAMMOND	MARY TILLMAN
JESSIE SMITH	MARGARET YARBROUGH
	ANNA BLANTON
AMELIA MCLESTER	ELIZABETH MURRAY
AGNES AMIS	ELIZABETH BUFORD
ANNA RUSSELL COLE	SARAH BERRY

Honorary Member

MISS ELIZABETH CHAPMAN







KATHERINE HAMMOND



IT WAS many years ago that the good ship Argo, with her hero crew aboard, set out on the long and perilous voyage which was to bring, in the end, death or glory everlasting. The rippling water smiled her a welcome; the stainless sky seemed, in its deep blue purity, to promise a happy outcome of all her labors; a fresh breeze sped her onward; and all things rejoiced. Thus they sailed on for many happy days, but soon there came a day that was not like the others.

The breeze had stiffened to a biting wind, and an ominous, black cloud was collecting, thickening on the far-away horizon; and the Argonauts braced themselves to meet the coming storm.

The lowering cloud took one mighty leap forward and then rushed madly on, and ere they could stir hand or foot they felt the driving hail full in their faces. The thunder rumbled, blinding lightning flashed from east to west, and the huge waves rocked and tossed beneath them.

Long the fierce storm raged, and the stanch oarsmen grew weary of their task ; but they were made of the mettle that gives up hope only with life itself, so they toiled on until on the seventh day the sun rose once more in a clear and cloudless sky, and the Argonauts went exulting on their way.

Days, weeks, months and years rolled by ; the friends of the Argonauts had heard no word from them, and their enemies were rejoicing in their supposed destruction, when one cloudless morning the heroes came sailing back in their golden ship, and from afar on her deck was seen the far-famed Golden Fleece.

So the mad-caps had come back ! They had done battle with every foe, braved every danger, escaped every snare, and conquered !

"They are no longer mad-caps, but heroes !" cry the people, and rush out to bid them welcome.

* * * * *

"In Miss Chapman's room at 3 o'clock *sharp*. Be sure and come on time," called Jason, with her usual emphasis.

"All right, Jason. Don't you worry," replied the departing Argonauts, "we'll be there," and then they vanished.

It was quarter past 3. Jason, Hercules, Castor and Pollux, the inseparable friends, Theseus, Lycomides, Orpheus, Achilles, Lynceus and Atalanta were sitting comfortably in the appointed place of meeting, discussing excitedly the events of the past few days.

"What are we waiting for, anyhow?" suddenly interrupted Theseus, "we're fifteen minutes late now."

"Yes," said Jason, sadly, "I'm going to begin right now. I was just waiting for Tiphys. She promised solemnly that she'd be here on time."

A subdued titter swept through the little company. Tiphys' habits of promptness had long been a standing joke among them, and Jason always seemed so grieved over it.

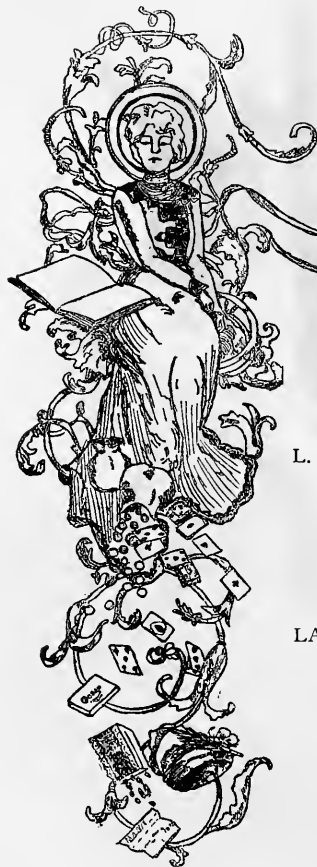
"Send Atalanta after her," suggested Achilles, who was looked upon as a wit, and Atalanta was forthwith dispatched on her errand. The precious moments slipped by, and Lynceus was on the point of departing in quest of both seeker and sought when the door opened and in they walked, the fainting Tiphys supported by the sympathetic Atalanta. Tiphys groaned shamelessly as she sank into a chair.

"I've been to the dressmaker's, Jason," she began apologetically, but got no further, for she was immediately overwhelmed by sympathetic reminiscences which were stopped only by Jason's peremptorily calling the meeting to order.



Officers

Study Topics for the Year



Y. W. C. A.



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Miss IDA MASON COX, *Instructor*



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Anna Blanton
Edwina Bourke
Mary Benagh
Elise Abernathy
Ruth Aldridge
Susie Wilkes
Mary Duggins
Laura Critz
Nellie Keelin
Fay Shelley
Bessie Lee Sperry
Clara Burney
Alma Granger
May Goslin
Mary Herbert
Kate Tillet
Christine Johnson
Sarah Barker
Medora Jones

M. E. HERBERT



Graduates in Music



KATHERINE B. SELPH
VIVA JIM HARRISON, *A S*

GERTRUDE MANKIN CARTER
LILLA BELLE PITTS, *A S*



Graduates in Voice



CLYDE GANT

GRADUATES ^{IN} MUSIC.



VIVA HARRISON, A.S.



GERTRUDE CARTER



LILLA BELLE PITTS, A.S.




CLYDE GANT.

1904

Press
PHOTO



Elocution Pupils



RUTH ALDRIDGE	ELEANORA JONES
ANDREWENA ALEXANDER	PEARL LONG
GRAHAM ALEXANDER	TOMMY LAUDERDALE
ELISE ABERNATHY	ALLIE LOU MARKER
LOUISE BRIGHAM	FLORENCE McCORMICK
CARRIE BRALY	JOE McMILLIN
CELIA BAIRD	JULIA MAI RANSOM
JOSEPHINE CLEVELAND	PEARL RANSOM
MARY DAVENPORT, 12	GERTRUDE RICE
EUNICE DeBARD	CAROLYN ROSENBAUM
THEO FOWLKES	HENRIETTE RICHARDSON
MAMIE HILL	CHARLIE MAY SELPH
MARION HUTCHINSON	BELLE SCHWARTZ
WILLIE B. JARRATT	WILLIE TROTTER
LUCILE WILSON	



GRADUATES



LOUISE BRIGHAM



RUTH ALDRIDGE

PARTIAL GRADUATES



JULIA MAI HANSEN

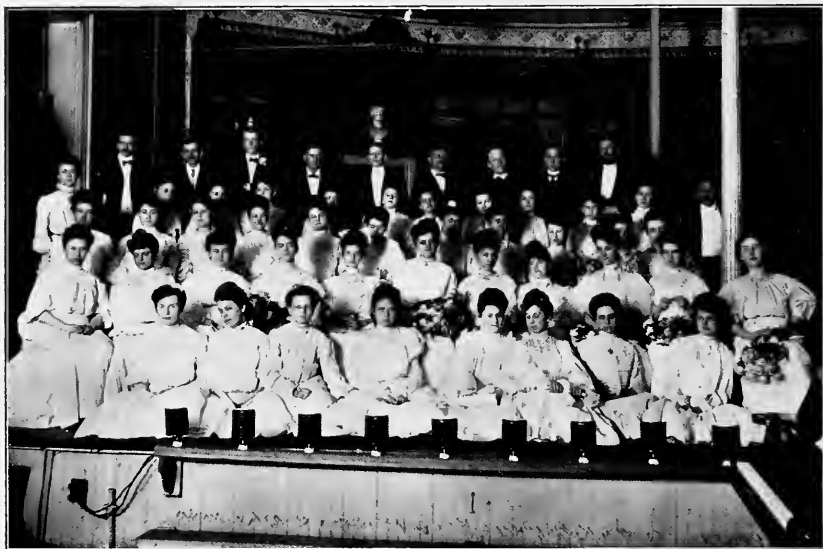


MARGARET JONES

GRADUATES OF ELOCUTION

1904

Thos. J. Gaudin



CHORUS CLASS

Tennessee Club



MOTTO—Honor to Our State

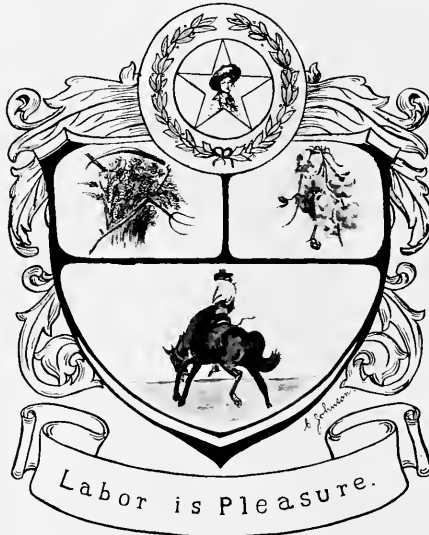
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REBECKAH SANFORD	SARAH BARKER, ΔΣ	NANNIE LEE TRIGG	PEARL RANSON
SARAH BADHAM	PHILA DONELSON	ZELLE WILKES	MARGARET WADE
FANNIE BURTON		POLLY BALFOUR	GRAHAM ALEXANDER
		ANNIE KEITH FRAZIER, ΔΣ	ANNA BLANTON

Texas Club



MOTTO—Labor is Pleasure

COLORS—Gold and White

FLOWER—Cactus

YELL—Rattle de thrat, de thrat, de thrat,
Rattle de thrat, de thrat, de thrat,
Long horn, cactus thorn.
Texas, Texas, Texas,
Moo-o-o-o,
Texas!

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BETHA TURNER

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MISSISSIPPI CLUB.



MOTTO—Honor to Us

COLORS—Green and White

FLOWER—Cotton Blossom

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CAROLYN ROSENBAUM	MARY ZENOR
	LUCILE WILSON

ARKANSAS CLUB



COLORS—Cardinal and White

MOTTO—Peace and Justice Rule the People

FLOWER—Apple Blossom

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DARDIS MCDANIEL	MARY McDONALD
CAROLINE Y. McRAE	MARY E. McRAE
HATTIE SHORT	ELIZABETH TAPPAN
ROSA McRAE	FLOY WOOTEN

ALABAMA CLUB



MOTTO—Here We Rest

COLORS—Crimson and White

FLOWER—Eglantine

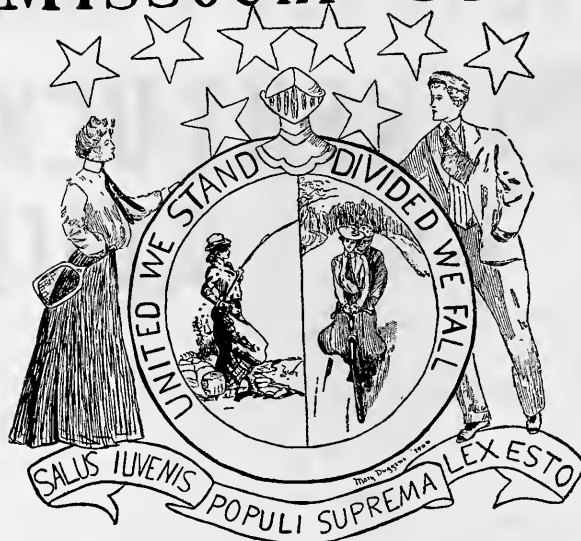
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JESSIE HICKS	MARY HICKS	IDA LANE
MARY LILLY PRICE	HATTIE SMITH	LURLINE SMITH
		ELOISE WHITE

MISSOURI CLUB



MOTTO—"Seeing is Believing"

FLOWER—Violet

COLORS—Purple and Old Gold

YELL—V-i-c-t-o-r-y!
For Missouri, is our cry;
Over the Union we are known
As the State that has "to be shown."
"Sight us!" "Show us!" This, cry we,
For we are from Miss-our-i.

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LILLIAN RIORDAN Secretary

GERTRUDE MCCORMACK Vice-President
FLORENCE MCCORMACK Treasurer

Members

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PAULINE SELLERS
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MARCIA SELLERS

EVA JARRATT
FLORENCE MCCORMACK
LELIA TUCKER
MARY DUGGINS
LILLIAN RIORDAN



KENTUCKY CLUB

MOTTO—"United We Stand, Divided We Fall."

COLORS—Blue and Green

FLOWER—Golden Rod

Officers

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KATE CHAMBERS

MARY PENNINGTON

KATIE MAY LANDRUM, *Δ E*

Ward Cotillion Club

MOTTO—"Don't Go Home 'Til Morning"

COLORS—White and Black

FLOWER—Moon Flower

Officers

REGINALD C. VINCENT	(ELIZABETH TAPPAN)
MANAGER	
RALPH C. BURNES	(LENA COLE)
BUSINESS MANAGER	
HAL H. MANNERING	(JOE CHEAIRS)
RECEPTION COMMITTEE	
BOB FITZGERALD	(FLOY WOOTEN)
FLOOR COMMITTEE	

Roll

REGINALD C. VINCENT (ELIZABETH TAPPAN)	BILLIE BRERTON (HAZEL NASH)
BOB FITZGERALD (FLOY WOOTEN)	JACK LORRIMER (LILA NOLAN)
LEWIS GILL (KATIE MAY LANDRUM) Δ Σ	LIEUT. JACK W. GILMORE (DOVEYE MYERS)
HAL H. MANNERING (JOE CHEAIRS)	TED PORTER (EULAH L. JONES)
RALPH C. BURNES (LENA COLE)	BILLY WORTHINGTON (MARY HICKS)
CARL EARLANGER (LILLA BELLE PITTS) Δ Σ	JESSE PADGETT (ANDREWENA ALEXANDER)
KEITH GOODWIN (GERTRUDE M. CARTER)	HOWARD J. NELSON (HATTIE SHORT)
JACK ORR (MARGARET WADE)	LAWRENCE LANG (GRACE ROBERTSON)
RICHARD RYAN (MARGARET McDONALD) Δ Σ	HARVEY ALEXANDER (MARGARET FENTRESS)

Miscellaneous

MENU

FLANNEL CAKES (WINTER WEIGHT)	WE-NEED-A BISCUIT
ICE COLD POSTUM	HEAVENLY AZURE MILK

MOCK SHADOW SOUP (COLD)	SALT FALLING HEAVY BREAD
STALE ON TOAST	UNDERDONE IRISH POTATOES
CUMBERLAND RIVER PUNCH	
SCRAPERANEAN SALAD, A LA WARD	
HOT AIR PUDDING	HYDRANT WATER
TOOTHPICKS	

MORE FORCE
SALT
HOT WATER TEA

HASH, A LA CANINE FIDO

RED PEPPER
SCORCHED EGGS
BREAD STICKS

HEAVENLY AZURE MILK (IF THERE IS ANY LEFT OVER)

*Grace is always omitted at supper, most of the articles of food having by this time become sanctified.

A Serious Malady



HERE has been for several years past a disease at WARDS which has caused some anxiety to its best friends. It is an affection of the *eyes*, though often extending above the eyes. The trouble is rare in the Primary Department, not common in the Intermediate, but increases in violence through the Junior and Senior years, and is often absolutely fatal just after graduation.

The symptoms are peculiar and distressing; an upward tendency of the nose; a downward tendency of the corners of the mouth; a change in the speech; a stiffness of the shoulders, and a serious defect in the vision.

The girl so affected gradually ceases to recognize her old friends, sometimes the desk-mate of many years, and occasionally fails to see her former teachers. In fact, the affliction has sometimes been so great, that a girl has been known to spend several days as a guest of the Seminary and not be able to see the honored heads of the Institution. One curious feature of the disease is that the symptoms vary so rapidly; the victim being all vivacity one moment, and like a stone image the next.

Of course social, or rather financial, standing, has no bearing at all upon the case, how could it have? Nor does a trip abroad have a beneficial effect, but has been known to aggravate the symptoms. Various remedies have been prescribed from time to time, but the only ones known to have any affect at all, have been small powders of Common Sense taken regularly three times a day; a teaspoonful of Courtesy before each meal, and an occasional visit from that eminent specialist, Dr. Foolkiller.

CHEAP COLUMNS

Matter under this head, seven cents per line, seven ordinary words to the line. No advertisement taken for less than fifteen cents. Advertisements must be handed in by twelve o'clock, noon, to insure publication in all issues of same date.

WANTED.

WANTED—A girl who will keep her seat in Chapel from 8:20 in the morning until 2:30 in the afternoon without moving a muscle.
MISS JENNINGS.

WANTED—To take--Dovey Myers' vaccination.

WANTED—That other fifty cents on the Iris.
NELL FALL.

WANTED—To escape.—MR. BLANTON.

WANTED—The golden touch of Midas.
SHIRLEY CUMMINS.

WANTED—An eighteen course "Dooocanian" dinner.
DELTA SIGMA SORORITY.

WANTED—To catch on to the story of Eodymion.
CAROLINE MCRÆ.

WANTED—A fire escape.
MARY DAVENPORT.

WANTED—Any kind friend to help remove the midolight visitor, the athletic cat.
JEAN McDONALD AND VIVA HARRISON.

WANTED—More time.
MARY LOUISE WARNER.

WANTED—Pupils in reciting quotations. Apply to
MISSES TUCKER AND QUARLES

WANTED—To become foreign missionaries. Holy Roman Empire preferred as a "field of labor."
KATIE MAY LANDRUM
AND
MARGARET McDONALD.

LOST.

LOST—Perception. Finder please return to Senior Class.

LOST—A beautiful soprano voice. Finder please return to MARY FRAZER and receive reward.

LOST—By Miss Sheppe, a good-night kiss. Finder please return to Miss Cosgrove. No reward offered.

LOST—Brevity of Narration. Finder please return to
MISS McDONALD.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN—Miss Loog's book of originals. Finder please return to any member of the Geometry Class and receive large reward.

LOST—Their pompadours. Finder please return to "Ward Ducks."

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN—A whole bookcase of Myers' Ancient Histories. Finder please return to Miss Jesolags and receive reward.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—At auction, old screens and junk of all description. Date, May 25th. Room No. 9.

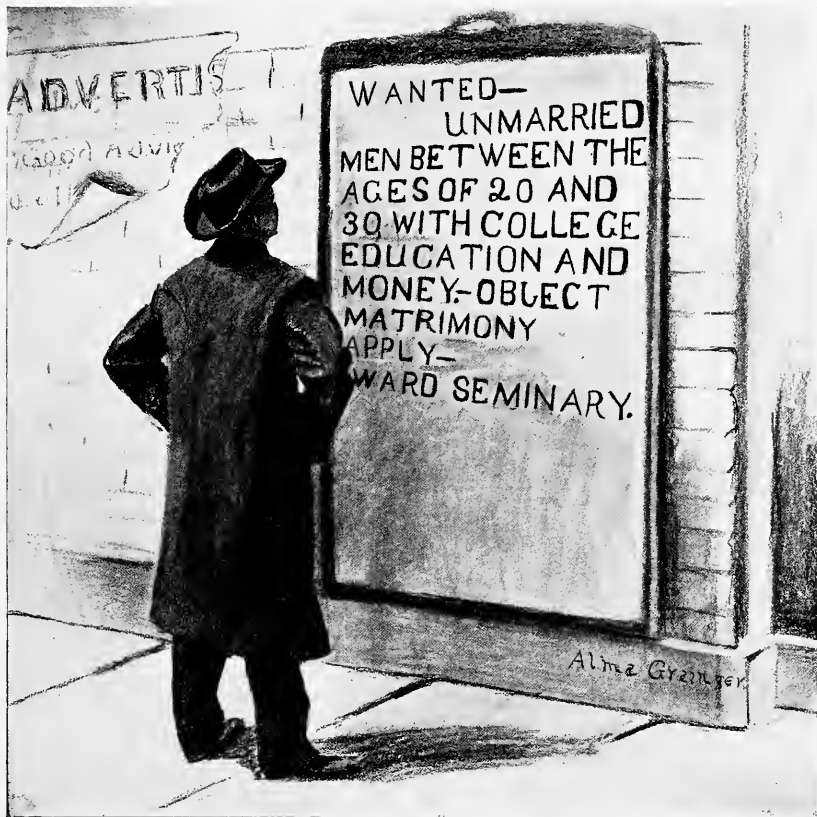
TO LET

TO LET—Large rooms at low rates; well-equipped as infirmaries. Apply to
MISSES KATE AND LILLA BELLE PITTS.

TO LET—A pocket knife, at reasonable rates; guaranteed to be sharp. Apply to
PHILA DONELSON

The End





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... BY ...

SMITH & LAMAR

For the Convenience of Shoppers and Book Buyers

All of the new and latest books of every description. Books of Travel and Adventure, History, Biography. The latest and most popular Fiction, standard authors, handsome books in sets and boxed. The finest lines of Stationery, Fountain Pens, etc. Engraving of cards, invitations, etc., a specialty. ***Call and examine our stock*** before making your purchases. Prompt and courteous attention given to all customers. Prices as low as the lowest. . . .

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TENNESSEE

J. H. FALL & CO.

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No. 317 North College Street
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A FULL LINE OF TENNIS AND CROQUET SETS, BASEBALL AND GOLF GOODS
FISHING TACKLE, ETC.

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED

“EVERYTHING FOR EVERYBODY”

—AT—

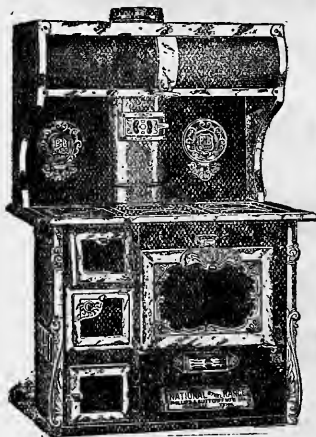
The Maix



YOUNG LADIES OF WARD SEMINARY

Our store is constantly replete with high-grade novelties from all parts of the world
We are always delighted to receive a visit from you

Caterers to Married and Maiden Femininity



When you meet your fate some moonlight summer evening, remember this advertisement and make him promise to get you a

NATIONAL STEEL RANGE

They are bringing quick cooking, satisfactory service and one-third fuel economy to many Southern homes. Write for catalogue.

Asbestos Lined

The one-fourth-inch asbestos lining keeps your heat right in the oven. Your coal is saved and your kitchen kept cool in summer.

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Heavy sheet steel and tested iron are used in the National Steel Range. Oven doors beautifully planished and the whole tastily nickeled.

Modern Convenience

Warming closet keeps things hot for late comers. Pressure boiler can be attached to furnish hot water for your bath. Many other conveniences.

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Acts as Executor, Administrator, Guardian
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A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED

Three Per Cent Interest Paid on Savings Accounts

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No Smell
No Smoke
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Cheap
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INVESTIGATE OUR PRICES

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FALL, 1904

Fashion's Latest in Silks, Dress Goods, Gloves, Ribbons, Handkerchiefs, Etc.
A GREAT VARIETY

Special Inducements to all Young Ladies attending Ward Seminary

Satisfaction Guaranteed

OUR FIRST AIM IS TO PLEASE

FINE DRESSMAKING

*Special Attention to Making Evening and
Wedding Gowns*

❧

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*A Complete Showing of the Season's
Newest Novelties*

❧

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WE KNOW OUR GOODS AND PRICES ARE RIGHT

FINE FOOTWEAR

*For Women, Misses, and Children. Buy
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THE SEASON'S LATEST IN FINE MILLINERY

*Careful Attention Given All Orders
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*Fancy Work. All kinds New Needle Work
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AT ALL TIMES A FULL AND COMPLETE LINE OF RELIABLE MERCHANDISE

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Capital paid in,	\$600,000.00
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THE PALACE has grown and expanded until to-day it's bigness is nearly twice that of six months ago. To-day this "COLLEGE GIRLS' STORE" is the best lighted and biggest in all the South—now occupying the entire building for its retail selling. The lines too have broadened, until there's a thoroughness and magnificence to the showings that is not even approached by most stores. HARRIS BROTHERS invite the same interest that has been shown in other seasons and beg to assure careful, conscientious and courteous service always. If you want something special we will be pleased to serve you—pleased to serve you anyway. The Millinery Section, The Ready-to-Wear Section, The Neckwear and Laces, Gloves and Hosiery, The Art Goods, The Jewelry and Notions, and any number of other divisions are attractive places these days. You're as welcome to look as to buy.

HARRIS BROTHERS
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The Satisfactory Store!

IS READY TO SERVE YOU WITH THE BEST AND NEWEST IN



The reputation of selling GOOD GOODS—nothing else—for more than
forty years is a safeguard when buying anything here

D. LOVEMAN & COMPANY

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Woman's College of Baltimore

JOHN FRANKLIN GOUCHER, President



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UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COLLEGE ENTRANCE EXAMINATION BOARD, AT MANY POINTS
JUNE 20TH TO 25TH.

Fall Examinations

AT THE COLLEGE ONLY, SEPTEMBER 19TH TO 24TH.

Programs and Application Forms Furnished on Request

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NORTH, SOUTH, EAST OR WEST

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*Quick Short Orders at All Hours
Oyster Loaves for "Club Feasts" a Specialty
"No First-Class, No Pay"*

Branches: 208 North Summer and 223 North Cherry Streets

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Full yard wide Linen Lawn 25c
 Richardson 36-in. Irish Linen for waists..... 30c
 36-in. Round Thread Linen for shirt waists 49c
 Extra fine quality of Round Thread Linen Suit-
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 Beautiful quality of Union Linens for Infants'
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 90-in. Linen Sheeting, \$1.25 quality at \$1.00
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 like silk, for waists and suits, at per yard... 75c
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We carry at all times merchandise that is stylish and reliable. We have buyers in New York who are constantly in touch with the leaders of fashion. If you buy anything from us not entirely satisfactory you can return it—our aim is to please. We are never undersold, but we frequently make prices below competitors. We firmly believe it pays to trade at this store. Our trade is ever on the increase, which shows conclusively that our patrons are satisfied.

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at Nashville*

*Always Newsy, Clean
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THE NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOMES

*Best news service; most modern printing facilities
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Lawn Swings	Chafing Dishes
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Fine Silks for Shirt Waists and Shirt Waist Suits.....	55c, 65c, 75c
French Organdies, two yards wide.....	20c, 25c, 35c, 50c
46-inch Persian Lawns, beautiful quality, soft and sheer	29c
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Beautiful Wash Goods in Linen Voiles, Imported Voiles, and all the new weaves, from	10c to 50c

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Brushes and Painters' Sundries
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Laundry Soap

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Rates \$2.00, \$2.50 per day
Rooms with bath, \$3.00

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A WRITER

on economic subjects has stated that from one-third to one-half the average woman's life is spent in the kitchen. That may have been true of a Coal or Wood Stove, but it will not hold good where a

SUPERB GAS RANGE

All YOU Need
Besides the Stove is a Match

is used; it reduces kitchen work to an exact science and leaves time for "other things."

NASHVILLE GAS CO.

Prices as high as \$13.00 and as low as \$2.75.

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Fine Strawberries and Early Southern Vegetables

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The illustration shows a beautiful diamond brooch, scroll design, 17 perfectly-cut diamonds.

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DIAMOND JEWELRY

Those whose interest lies in that quality of exclusiveness which comes only from the most intimate knowledge of modes, material, making, and from unfailing good taste in the selection, will find our collection of diamond-mounted jewelry most satisfactory.

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JEROME B. SAND

American National Bank

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF DEPOSITS :		
November 17, 1903.		\$1,862,501.04
January 22, 1904.		\$2,069,548.37
March 28, 1904.	\$2,328,765.50	
April 8, 1904.	\$2,526,816.17	

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106-108 COURT SQUARE

NASHVILLE, TENN.

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"Factory to You"

TRUNKS, TRAVELING BAGS

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